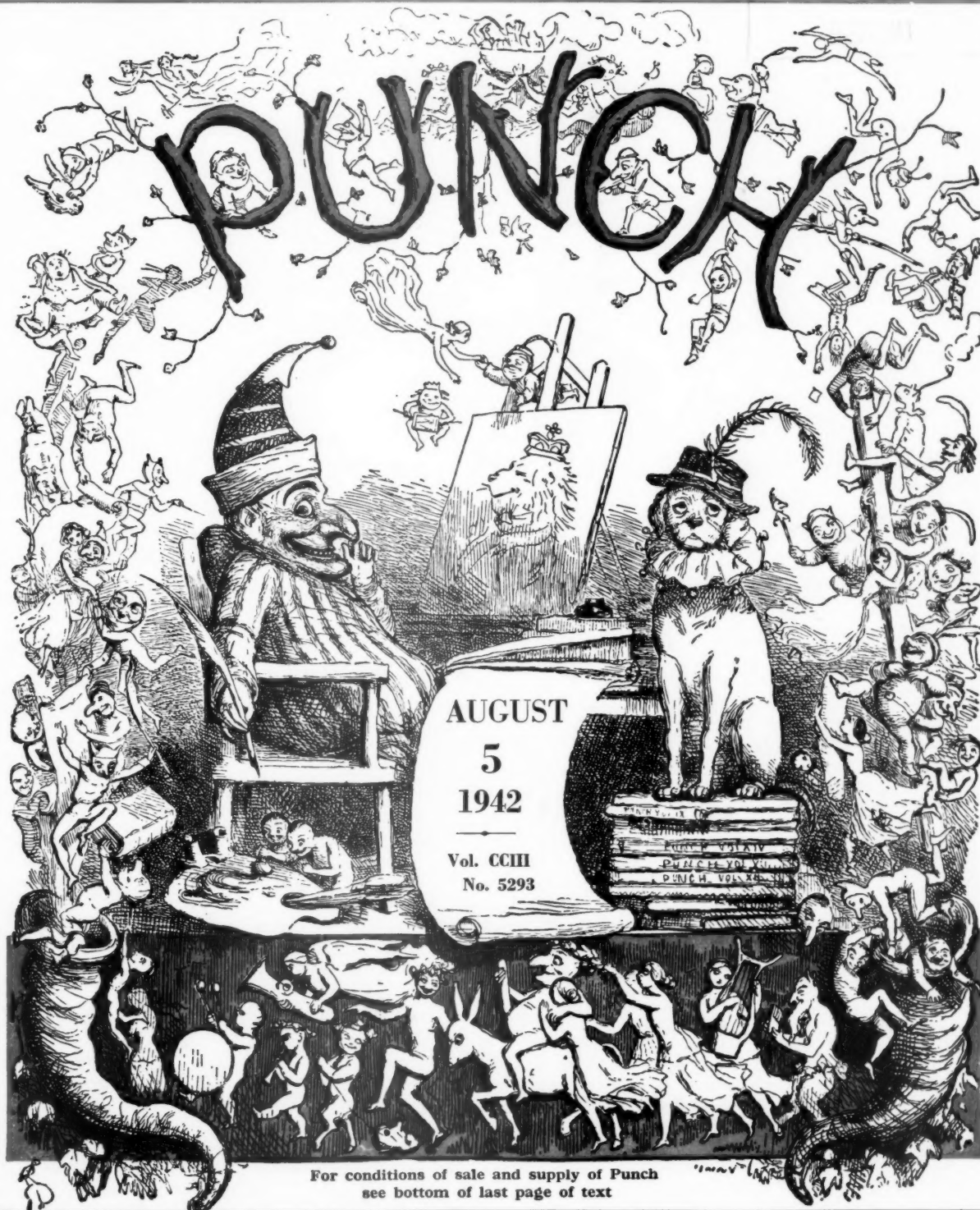


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The time will come when you need no longer miss a good picture for want of a film. Meanwhile, supplies of Selo films are necessarily restricted, but all available supplies are distributed through approved dealers. If your photographic dealer is out of stock, **please do not write to the manufacturers**; Ilford Limited cannot supply amateur photographers direct.



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*is Delicious-Refreshing-
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*The Best
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'OVALTINE' mixed Cold provides everything you could desire in a summer drink. It is deliciously creamy, coolly refreshing, revitalising and restorative. In fact it possesses all those exceptional health-giving qualities which have made 'Ovaltine' the world's most popular food beverage.

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P594A



Harvest Home . .

As in 1917, the standard Fordson Tractor is "going to it" in the third year of another world-war. Helping the sturdy men and women at work on Britain's Farm Front.

But it is more than efficient at its work. It is efficient in the methods of its manufacture. Ford skill and planning have triumphed, in the nation's interest, over costs of materials and labour which have mounted by 40%. Despite this increase, because of improved efficiency and increased output the standard Fordson Tractor is priced at only 10% above pre-war level!

For "harvest home"—efficiently and economically—

Ford marches on . .

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make good companions



BOB MARTIN'S
CONDITION POWDERS
keep dogs fit



How long will
he be away?

The better he's looked after
the sooner he'll be back

Here is just where "Midland Employers" can be of direct assistance to you—by shortening the time lost by the operator through Accident or Industrial Disease. At your disposal is an organisation unique in scope and service, built up by "Midland Employers" during 40 years of specialising solely on Workmen's Compensation.

Results show that through this service—

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Head Office: Waterloo Street, BIRMINGHAM. London Office: "Landaras," Royston Grove, Hatch End, Middlesex (Evacuation Address). City Office: Sackville House, 143/9, Fenchurch Street, E.C.3. Branches and Claims Offices throughout the Country. General Manager: Allan S. Barnfield, O.B.E.

PREMIUM INCOME EXCEEDS £2,350,000



THE ENGLISH LANDSCAPE, so frequently degraded by human settlement, in the Cotswolds acquires from it an added charm. The Cotswolds cannot be copied, but they should serve as an inspiration. A wise use of modern materials and methods will mean an altogether different relationship between town, highway, countryside. Celotex, makers of wall-boards, look with enthusiasm to the time when they will again be able to concentrate upon the problems of peace-time living.

CELOTEX LIMITED
NORTH CIRCULAR RD., STONEBRIDGE PARK, N.W.10

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PRESENT-DAY RELIEF

Sale of 18th & 19th Century Jewels FOR THE RED CROSS

Treasured pieces have come to the Duke of Gloucester's Red Cross and St. John Fund to be turned into vitally needed comforts for our sick, wounded and Prisoners of War. Have you something you can add? Gifts gratefully received by the Treasurer, Red Cross Sales, 17, Old Bond Street, London, W.1, for the Sale

AT SOTHEBY'S
Thursday August 13
JEWELS
ON VIEW
August 11 & 12

The above Fund is being raised on behalf of the War Organisation of The British Red Cross Society and the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, registered under the War Charities Act, 1940.

This space is devoted to the Red Cross
by Beechams Pills Ltd.

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"Allure"
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G B KENT & SONS, LTD LONDON W1
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The **SHARPER** the blade
The **SAFER** the shave

Sounds contradictory but it isn't. Use the keen-edged KROPP and see what a smooth, quick shave you get — EVERY morning. Once you buy a KROPP you've done with shaving troubles. No grinding, no upkeep costs. Hand-forged from fine, Sheffield steel. A craftsman's triumph.

14/-, including Purchase Tax,
Of Hairdressers, Cutlers and Stores
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The best
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that money can buy
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— an essential element
in the treatment of
INDIGESTION

YOUR disinclination to eat when you feel tired or worried is, in truth, Nature striving to cure your gastric troubles by the oldest, simplest and most effective method — Rest. This disinclination is a natural and instinctive curative impulse. Obey it. Instead of a full meal, drink a cup of Benger's Food. Benger's soothes the stomach and gives your digestion a chance to build up its natural strength. Yet it provides the warmth and nourishment your system needs but in a form you can fully absorb without discomfort or digestive strain.

Why Benger's is so good for you.



You could live on Benger's

Benger's is rich nourishment in a form which requires very little effort on the part of the digestive organs. It contains active enzymes which partially predigest milk so that you absorb the full value of this valuable food whilst giving your digestion the rest it needs.

Benger's, to-day, is as easy to make as a cup of cocoa. From all good chemists and grocers—The Original Plain Benger's, Malt Flavoured or Cocoa and Malt Flavoured.

Benger's Ltd., Holmes Chapel, Cheshire

Sparklets
(Regd. Trade Mark)
REFILLABLE SYPHON

ALL available supplies are being distributed as evenly as possible throughout the country. Vital National needs have first call on production facilities, so, for the present, "Go easy with the soda".

P.S. Please make use of our Renovation and Repair Service and be as helpful as you can by returning empty Sparklets Bulbs to your supplier — Allowance: "C" size 4d. dozen; "B" size 2d. dozen.

SPARKLETS LTD. (Dept. P),
LONDON,
N.18.



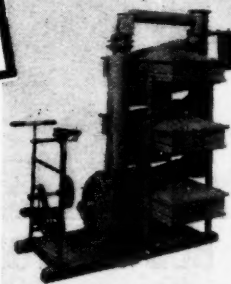
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555
Cigarettes



Filtavent
SELF-CONTAINED VENTILATION & AIR FILTRATION UNITS

★ Ventilates and filters air
in crowded places.

This plant provides perfect ventilation and air filtration for 105 persons, however long it may have to be in operation. Write for full particulars.



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of Chairman brings harmony to any occasion. Fragrant, cool and lasting, it provides the utmost enjoyment to the critical pipe-smoker.

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Three strengths: CHAIRMAN, medium; BOARDMAN'S, mild; RECORDER, full. 25d. per oz. From tobacconists.

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This will help keep you in proper trim, if backed up by a proper, well-balanced diet. Eat Turog—the brown bread of health—with the same regularity as you do your exercises.

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Difficulty with supplies? Then write to SPILLERS LIMITED CARDIFF

Don't forget your...

Andy

GARDEN GLOVES

2/6 per pair, of Ironmongers and Stores or direct (post 3d.). One coupon per pair. TEDSON, THORNLEY & CO., ROCHDALE



The CLENSOL high-speed descaling process scientifically removes scale and other deposits. The CLENSOL SYSTEM of Feed Water Treatment is also at your service to remove deposits whilst units are steaming. For fuller information write to

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are Supreme.



MAP SERIES No. 4

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ALBERTA, MANITOBA, SASKATCHEWAN and WESTERN ONTARIO:
KIPP-KELLY Ltd., 68, Higgins Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

6.47



MR. HILLAND DALE was a man of the open air. He read Borrow and Belloc and had been heard to observe that the finest meal in the world was bread and cheese under the open sky... This remark has not been heard from him lately; not, we understand, since a violent rainstorm drove him for his lunch to an inn where a perspicacious Mine Host had the happy habit of serving Pan Yan—that spicy-sweet pickle—whenever he served bread and cheese.

Pan Yan

MACONOCHE BROS. LIMITED · LONDON

But Mine Host has also changed.... These days it's not always easy to get all the Pan Yan he wants!



SPHINX

as always—
a quality product

To-day's Pimmerick



Said a huntsman who
joined a battalion,
'Although I may yearn
for my stallion,
I still keep in trim,
When I hunt for a Pimm—
Who finds one deserves
a medallion!'

PIMM'S NO. 1 CUP

The long drink with a click in it



Food from own Farm. Special Discounts to H. M. Forces.
Write P. A. Purkin, 'phone 2187 TORQUAY



You may not get as many as you'd like—but you'll like what you can get!

Meltis

Some Meltis sweetmeats are still available, but these Meltis favourites are, alas, unobtainable: New Berry Fruits, Savoy Candies and Duchess of York Assortment.

MELTIS LIMITED
London & Bedford

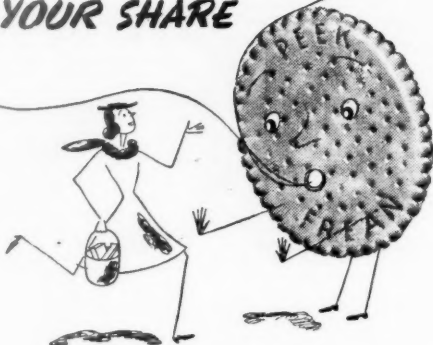


Tri-ang TOYS

FOR GIRLS AND BOYS

L.B. LTD. London

I AM RATHER
RARE—ONLY ASK
YOUR SHARE

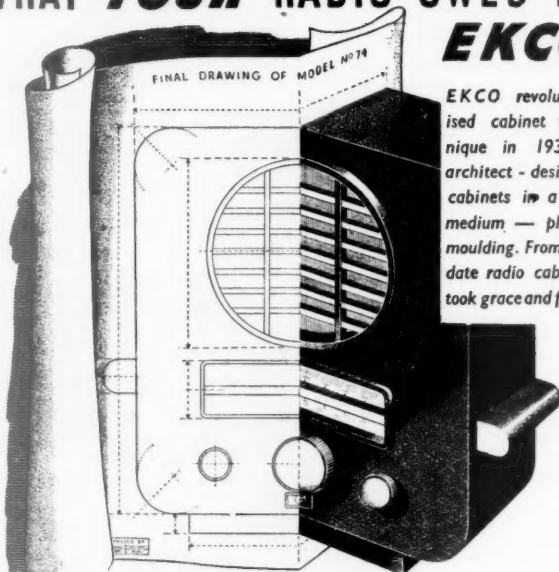


It is tempting to search everywhere for Peek Freen's—to enjoy that unvarying quality for which these biscuits are famous. But please don't do it. Trust your regular dealer, who will consider you all the more if you are patient and understand his many difficulties.

Peek Freen's

BRITAIN'S CRISPEST BISCUITS

WHAT **YOUR** RADIO OWES TO **EKCO**



EKCO revolutionised cabinet technique in 1934—architect—designed cabinets in a new medium—plastic moulding. From that date radio cabinets took grace and form.

EKCO brought it
Modern Lines

You may not be an Ekco owner, but the design of your radio—even, perhaps, of its cabinet—has been influenced by Ekco's progressive policy. Ekco technicians and designers have given a constant lead to the Industry—a lead that will be maintained when "nation shall speak peace unto nation."

E. K. COLE, LTD., EKCO WORKS, SOUTHEND-ON-SEA



GREAT MEALS FROM LITTLE OXO'S GROW SAVOURY BAKE

2 large cups diced mixed vegetables.	1 tablesp. dripping or margarine.
1 small cupful National flour.	1 heaped tablesp. dried household egg.
1 tablesp. Soya bean flour.	1 tablesp. Baking Powder.
2 Oxo Cubes or 1 heaped spoonful fluid OXO.	1 tablesp. each chopped parsley & herbs.

Select as wide a mixture of vegetables as possible, including a piece of leek or spring onion. Cook them altogether in slightly salted water. When cooked, strain, and let them dry off. Mash the vegetables, add the flours, shaved or melted fat, herbs, baking powder, reconstituted egg and the OXO dissolved in a tablespoonful of the vegetable liquid. Mix well and season to taste. If too dry add a little more vegetable liquid but the mixture should be fairly stiff. Turn into a greased loaf tin or small pie dish. Cover with a greased paper and bake in a fairly hot oven $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Serve sliced with a good brown gravy and a small piece of bacon if possible.

LET



MEAT YOUR
VEGETABLES



quo vadis?

He doesn't know!
You don't know!
We don't know!
Nobody knows!

But intuitive knowledge handed down for centuries will enable him to reach his objective. So will the result of 150 years of precision engineering handed down from generation to generation.

This we do know. We shall win through!
"Then" WE shall want YOUR help.
"Then" YOU will want OUR help.
"Then" YOU shall have IT.

"Lest you forget"—it's

Webley

Established 1793

DESIGNING — PLANNING — MACHINING
ASSEMBLING — INSPECTING — TESTING

Webley & Scott Ltd., BIRMINGHAM



PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCIII No. 5293

August 5 1942

Charivaria

THERE was much indignation in dance-music circles when somebody noticed that an old classic was brazenly based on a current swing success.

"When you are faced with a difficult problem, sleep on it," advises a business magnate. A correspondent says that a difficult problem he encountered recently was a lumpy mattress on an hotel bed.

An artist has painted a picture of an ex-heavyweight boxer in a characteristic pose. Hung sideways, however, the portrait gives the impression that the pugilist is still on his feet.

Persons detained for political offences are allowed to have food sent in to the prison, and suppers sometimes consist of sausages and beer — although the regulations don't insist on a bread-and-water diet.



HITLER has not travelled extensively. And after the war he will find it very difficult to do so. Even if he disguises himself, alert port officials will try the effect of a pencilled moustache on the passport photograph of anybody who arouses suspicion.

In a London park a sparrow perched on the piccolo of a bandsman while he was playing. A trombonist who kept his instrument very still in an endeavour to entice a bird to sit on it threw the whole band out of tune.



It is said that the English newspapers are read to HITLER every day. When the military experts agree with each other he should begin to get a rough idea of what he is going to do.

"Regarding some of the love-sick lyrics broadcast in the past there were certainly grounds for complaint," says a dance band conductor. What a man with a cold in the head would call sentimental songs.

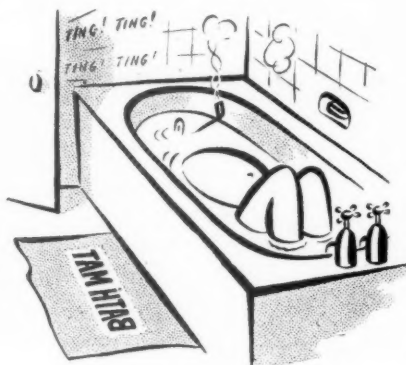
"Apart from diet restrictions, the inmates of the Zoo are quite unaffected by the war," says a writers. No instance has yet been reported of a nervous ostrich putting its head in a sand-bag.

A radio speaker recently said that when he was travelling in the South Seas it was the custom of native girls to present visitors with bunches of figs. What happened after that? Dates?

Young Blood

"We wish to meet on the broadest spiritual basis and embrace everybody. The Bishop of Birmingham and Canon Rogers have been tentatively approached and are only too anxious and willing to help." — *Circular Letter from National Council of Women.*

Members of the B.B.C. staff are digging an allotment in a London square and the proceedings are to be broadcast. What a thrill for listeners to hear the genuine creak of an announcer's back!



"Sir Stafford Cripps said that it would be impossible to inform the public without giving information." — *Daily Telegraph.*

Difficult, anyway.

"Suppose I am in a hot bath and the telephone rings downstairs in the hall, what should I do?" asks a writer. Well, for one thing, debate thoroughly with yourself on the subject: "Is My Journey Really Necessary?"

More Leaves from My Litter-Bag

SIR,—Not long ago you presented in your paper the case of an alleged housewife who found it more wasteful and less convenient to cook by gas than to cook by electricity. May I call your attention to a little experiment I made myself the other day?

I invited to the kitchenette of my flat a small but select company including representatives of the principal electric generating guilds, the Gas Light and Coke Company, the Board of Trade, the Ministry of Food and the Ministry of Fuel, Light and Power. The Worshipful Master of Dynamos took the Chair.

We sat down to a light meal consisting of:

MADEIRA	Huitres de Whitstable
Old Buah 1878	—
SHERRY	Tortue Clair
Very Old	—
HOCK	Suprême de Sole Balmoral
Dürkheimer	—
Spielberg 1921	Riz de Veau Braisé Davidoff
CHAMPAGNE	—
Cliquot 1920	Roast Ducklings
CLARET	Peas
Ch. Mouton Rothschild 1924	—
DESSERT	Croute Baron
Port—Taylor 1912	—
Liqueur Brandy 1865	Dessert Café

All this (even the printing) was done by gas. We then stood up and sat down again to the following:

Oloroso Sherry	Baguette de Caviar Frais
Pouilly Reserve	Canapé Ecossais
	Grapefruit Cocktail
	—
Liebfraumilch Auslese	Coupe de Fouet de Tortue
	au Sherry
	Crème Dame Blanche
Corton 1923	—
	Suprême de Turbotin Politique
Chateau La Rose 1924	—
	Jambon d'York Braisé aux Epinards
	—
	Volaille Cocotte Montformeil
	Pommes Mignonettes
	Salade d'Automne
	—
	Bombe Nevelrode
Dow's 1912 Port	Friandises

For the whole of the second *ménu* electricity only was employed. All present agreed that it was in no respect inferior and in many ways more delightful and appetising than the first. Speeches were made by the Chair, by the Warden of Magnetos, by the Sub-Controller of Coke, the

Director of Deep Fat (on behalf of the ladies) and by the Chair again. I need hardly say that everything was dehydrated from end to end. I think this proves my original point.

Yours faithfully, KILOWATT.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Has your attention been called to a little book entitled *All-In Fighting*, written by a former Assistant Commissioner of the Shanghai Municipal Police? In case it has not, let me quote a single extract which appears under the heading No. 3(b) Boot—"Broncho Kick."

"It is not advisable to attempt to kick your opponent with the toe of your boot when he is lying on the ground, unless you have hold of an arm or clothing, etc. Method recommended:

1. Take a flying jump at him, drawing your feet up by bending your knees, at the same time keeping your feet close together;
2. When your feet are approximately eight inches above your opponent's body, shoot your legs out straight, driving both of your boots into his body, and smash him."

Is this cricket?

OLD-TIMER.

DEAR SIR,—You alluded recently to the problem of the One-Bird Poultry Farmer, and the difficulty of encouraging a single hen to lay. A number of drawing-room mirrors placed a foot or so apart and distributed round the run will lead the bird to suppose it has plenty of company as well as active competition, and in all probability it will begin to produce eggs abundantly.

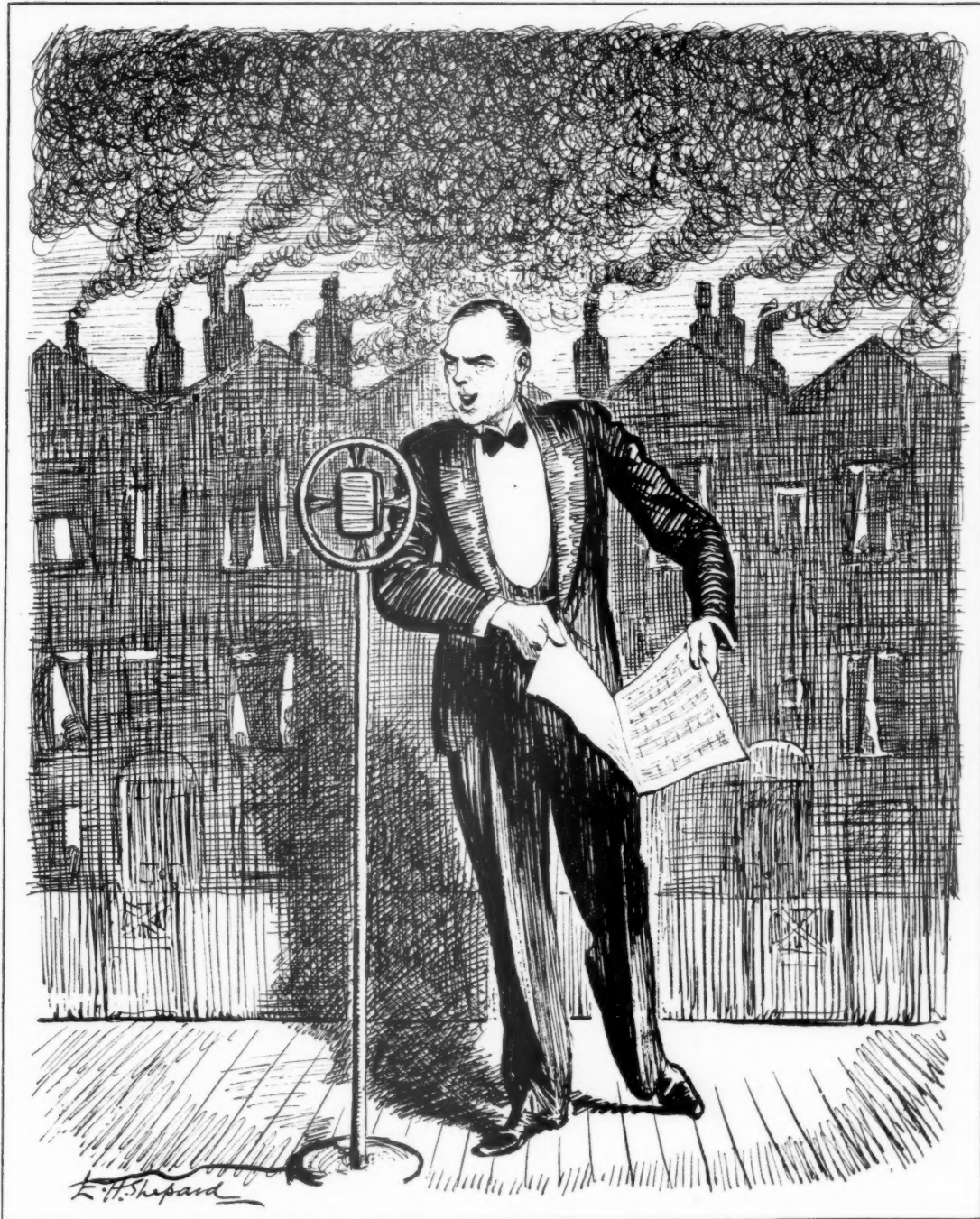
Yours very truly,
ORPINGTON.

From a rather long letter we take this exciting passage:

"A is a seller of soft drinks. As no doubt you know, under The Soft Drinks (Current Prices) Order, 1942:

'Current price' means in relation to any soft drink sold, agreed to be sold, or offered for sale by any person, the price at which, in the ordinary course of business in the course of which that soft drink was sold, agreed to be sold, or offered for sale, soft drinks of a substantially similar description, quality and quantity were being offered for sale by that person on substantially similar terms and conditions on the 1st day of May, 1942, provided that:

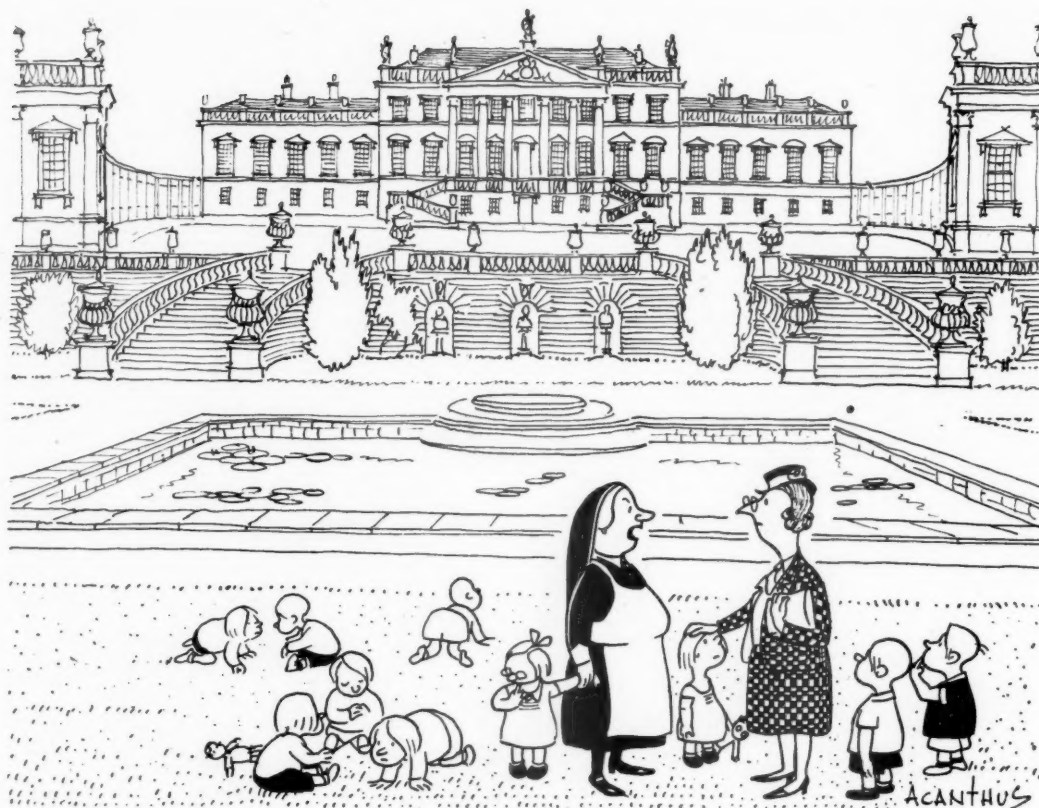
- (a) in relation to any soft drink sold, agreed to be sold, or offered for sale in the course of a business which included both a wholesale and a retail branch or both a manufacturing and a merchanting branch or two or more branches in localities of a different character, or otherwise howsoever distinguishable, the reference in this definition to the business in the course of which that soft drink was sold by that person, shall be construed as a reference to the particular branch of the business in the course of which the transaction was effected and
- (b) in relation to any soft drink sold, agreed to be sold or offered for sale by any person in the course of a business or of a branch of a business, which was not being carried



OLD SONGS FOR NEW

"Waste no more, ladies,
Waste no more . . .
Coal does not last for ever."

[Traditional English songs are in future to be favoured by the B.B.C.]



"It wasn't built as a crèche, but we had to take what we could get."

on by that person on the 1st day of May, 1942, or in the course of which soft drinks of the relevant character were not being offered for sale on substantially similar terms and conditions at that date, this definition shall have effect with the substitution for the reference to the business in the course of which that soft drink was sold, agreed to be sold or offered for sale, of a reference to a business similar to that business or to a branch of a business similar to that branch of that business, which was then being carried on, or in the course of which soft drinks of the relevant character were then being offered for sale on substantially similar terms and conditions as the case may be.

What does A do now?"

We think he goes into the Hard Liquor Trade. But we are quite unable to assist "COINCIDENCE," writing from "Sans Souci," Muswell Hill, who says:

"On receiving change out of a shilling for a twopenny bus fare, I found to my surprise that the four pennies which I received (along with sixpence) were, in fact, four

Sovereigns. They were Queen Victoria, 1897, King Edward VII, 1906, King George V, 1929, and King George VI, 1938, taking us through forty-one years of imperial history. The chances against this occurrence must have been more than a million to one, and I could not help wondering how many miles the 1897 coin had travelled, how many purchases it had made or helped to make before it came into my hands. On pointing this out to a friend afterwards I found him entirely uninterested, and he merely answered 'Let's have a look at the sixpence.' We discovered to my still greater astonishment that this was not a sixpence at all but a ten-cent piece or, as I believe it is called, a dime. The top of the bus was rather dark when the incident occurred and this no doubt made the conductor's error more pardonable."

We dare say.

We have also received a letter from "STRATEGICUS," who suggests that "a Yugo-Slavian Generalissimo be appointed to command the United Armies of the Allies on the Western Front." It seems a better proposal than some. EVOE.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

"AGENT Collector for Insurance; must be alive."

A severe stipulation.

Advt. in Kent Paper.

An Author's Dilemma

NOT having been a foreign correspondent or a neutral observer (I have many times been The Man on the Spot, but it never seems to have been the right spot) the various semi-political works which I have written to date have not achieved the success which, I feel, they have deserved.

My book *War Clouds in the West* (Pomfrett and Dundas, 9d.), which appeared in 1939, would have sold better, so my publisher informed me at the time, if I could have caught the last train out of Prague, the last tram out of Vienna, or even the penultimate vehicle to leave Warsaw. But as I wrote the entire book in a small fishing village in Cornwall, any or all of these alternatives was quite out of the question, and although I caught the first train up to London after war had been declared, my manuscript had by then been completed.

Of my book *Inside Hitler* (Grunt, 6d.) the reviewer had surprisingly little to say. None the less it sold one hundred and seventy-eight copies, the majority of the sales, curiously enough, being made to medical students. My publisher advised me that the book would have achieved a far greater degree of success had I probed rather more deeply into my subject.

Shortly after the outbreak of war I joined the Police Force and settled down to write a book with the title *Europe at the Traffic Lights*. I had hoped to get posted to a beat outside No. 10 Downing Street so that I could have my finger, as it were, on the pulse of the war effort; but the fates decreed otherwise and I found myself performing routine station duties (which included filling ink-wells, sharpening pencils, etc.) at a sub-station just inside the Metropolitan area.

Resigning from the Force in December 1939, I became a member of the A.F.S. and promptly set about writing *Fire Over the Metropolis*, a book for which both I and my publisher held out the highest hopes. As luck would have it, however, a lighted cigarette-end was responsible for the destruction of the entire manuscript after I had completed some forty thousand words. I became so discouraged over this that I left the Service in March 1940.

Feeling that a more active participation in the war would furnish me with better material for my pen, I volunteered for the R.A.F. early in May of the same year and immediately contacted my publisher with a view to

the production of a book to which I gave the provisional title of *Wings Over Germany*. It is my firm belief that this book would have created something of a stir both in this country and in the U.S.A. had it not been for the fact that I was turned down for flying duties, being given instead a job in the Equipment Branch. I toyed with the idea of a book entitled *Bedding and its Relation to Modern Warfare*, but my publisher showed little or no interest in the project.

Towards the end of 1940, by pulling a great number of wires, I succeeded in getting a transfer to the Army and was posted to an anti-aircraft unit in Berkshire. This, I felt, was something like the real thing and I at once made preparations to write *Box Barrages in Berx*. The title was conceived with the express intention of appealing to my American public.

I made little or no progress with the book during my first two or three months on a gun-site, experiencing great difficulty in keeping to my subject. Eventually, however, I decided to change the title to *Sweeping the Skies*, and for a short time I made fairly good headway.

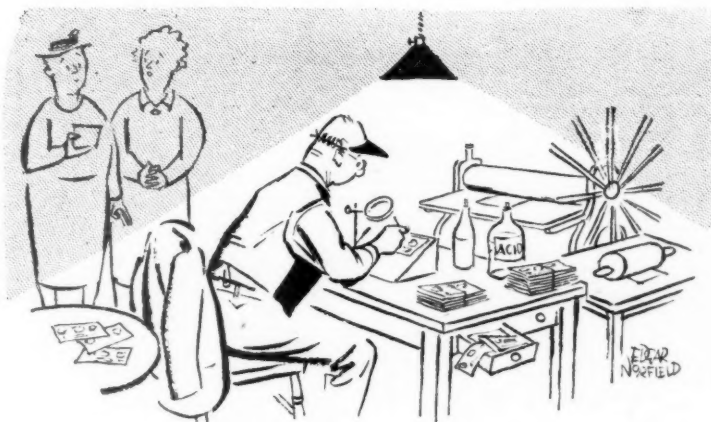
During the next four months, owing to a number of different reasons, I had to change the title of my book no fewer than five times, the work being named successively: *Behind the Guns*, *Ready Aye Ready*, *'Neath Berkshire Skies*, *Berkshire Flora* (altered to *Still Life in Berkshire* on the advice of my publisher), and, finally, *Lesser-known Tramps in Berkshire*. This last, by the way, was not intended to cast any reflections on the characters or social attainments of the fellow members of

my gun-team, and a note to this effect was inserted in the title page.

Although I have now, after more than eighteen months' patient endeavour, almost completed the manuscript, I still feel far from satisfied with the title. The war, for me at any rate, has not gone the way I had expected; nor for that matter has my book. I really think I shall have to delete what little reference there already is to the war (the first two paragraphs of Chapter Four and a short paragraph in Chapter Six) and simply call the book *Berkshire—A Brief Study of its Topography, its Inhabitants, and its Pubs*. I might then try for my discharge and go off and join the Navy. The title *Atlantic U-boat Breakers* has been growing on me rather a lot lately.

Cadet

HENCEFORTH I must prop up
the proper bars,
I must be scrupulous with
whom I eat,
I must salute all doubtful-looking ears,
I must not dally in the public street
(There is a spy at every window-seat),
And I must cycle strictly to attention;
I must be quite unnaturally neat.
Then there are graver things that I
could mention:
I am forbidden, in my present guise,
To look on women with admiring eyes—
I pass them by with an unseeing frown.
And one last thing, on which the
major's hot:
Lest I be shanghaied, I have promised
not
To drink with any tailors in the town.



"Of course Henry would not dream of using any of it except to pay his income-tax."

At the Pictures

UNCENSORED

EVERYONE has heard of *La Libre Belgique*, the underground paper which was produced in Brussels during the last war and delivered regularly on the desk or breakfast-table of the German Governor, in spite of every effort to intercept it. The theme of *Uncensored* is the production of *La Libre Belgique* in the present war. André Delage (ERIC PORTMAN), a cabaret artist in Brussels, joins his regiment when the Germans invade Belgium, and after the Belgian collapse returns to the cabaret. Ostensibly pro-German, and a great favourite with the German officers who frequent the cabaret, he uses his popularity with the invaders as a cloak for his work on *La Libre Belgique*. Chased one night by some Germans, he drops on a seat in a public garden; and when his pursuers come up with him he is claspings his neighbour on the seat in his arms—a novel way of opening up a romance which henceforth proceeds in more normal fashion. The girl, Julie Lanvin, is charmingly played by PHYLLIS CALVERT. Her father, Victor Lanvin (FREDERICK CULLEY)—incidentally the only person in the film with much resemblance to a Belgian—edits both *La Libre Belgique* and the German-controlled paper *La Nation Belge*, and thus obtains from the Germans the secret information which he uses against them in the patriotic sheet. Von Koerner, the German Governor, fat, foolish, and always in the process of being outwitted, is played with a real sense of comedy by RAYMOND LOVELL; and Frau von Koerner (IRENE HANDL) is equally accomplished in her smaller part, managing without any apparent strain to sustain a languishing pose throughout a song which Delage sings at her in the cabaret. The villain of the piece is Delage's cabaret partner, Charles Neels (PETER GLENVILLE), who, jealous of Delage and desperate at

losing his job, denounces Delage to the Germans. However, the film ends, if not happily at least triumphantly, with copies of *La Libre Belgique* raining down on a cheering crowd from an

ANTHONY ASQUITH. Yet in spite of its theme, and though it is always either amusing or exciting, it does not leave a deep impression. One remembers a number of episodes rather than a situation felt as a whole. The story might have yielded more if it had been grouped round the hysterical, unbalanced, Charles Neels, the most convincing of the chief characters. André Delage is excellent in action, whether he is stabbing a German soldier or imposing himself on the sentimental Frau von Koerner. But he is somewhat wooden as a lover, somewhat lacking in exaltation as a patriot.

Green-Eyed Woman is a good example of a certain kind of American film, but those who are not attracted by its theme, love triumphant over money, may be appeased by its flashes of verbal humour. Tom Verney (FRED MACMURRAY) is engaged as private secretary by a beautiful young woman, who for business purposes calls herself Macgregor (ROSALIND RUSSELL). She is the brains of a New York advertising agency, and, being also an unprotected girl, finds it convenient to be escorted by a tall, powerful young man. Intrigued by Verney's indifference, she falls in love with him. He tells her he hates the indignity of his job, but endures it because he is a painter. VAN GOGH is his inspiration, and he needs ten thousand dollars for a trip to Mexico, which is calling him to paint it. Macgregor thereupon confesses that she has literary ambitions, Macgregor's heart is touched, and they embrace. But the lure of business is too powerful for Macgregor. A tobacco millionaire appears on the scene, Jonathan Caldwell (MACDONALD CAREY), a misogynist who has been married four times, and now hates all women except his sister, whom he only dislikes. Macgregor pursues him for a contract; there are misunderstandings and complications, but all ends happily with Macgregor and VAN GOGH's rather unlikely disciple trailing south to Mexico. H. K.



[Uncensored]

THE CROONER—HOW TO TREAT THE ENEMY

Frau Von Koerner	IRENE HANDL
Von Hohenstein	FELIX AYLMEYER
André	ERIC PORTMAN

unfurled Swastika banner. Much ingenuity and inventive fancy have been put into the film by its director,

he hates the indignity of his job, but endures it because he is a painter. VAN GOGH is his inspiration, and he needs ten thousand dollars for a trip to Mexico, which is calling him to paint it. Macgregor thereupon confesses that she has literary ambitions, Macgregor's heart is touched, and they embrace. But the lure of business is too powerful for Macgregor. A tobacco millionaire appears on the scene, Jonathan Caldwell (MACDONALD CAREY), a misogynist who has been married four times, and now hates all women except his sister, whom he only dislikes. Macgregor pursues him for a contract; there are misunderstandings and complications, but all ends happily with Macgregor and VAN GOGH's rather unlikely disciple trailing south to Mexico. H. K.



[Green-Eyed Woman]

APPROACH TO ART

Tom Verney	FRED MACMURRAY
G. B. Atwater	ROBERT BENCHLEY

Music in London

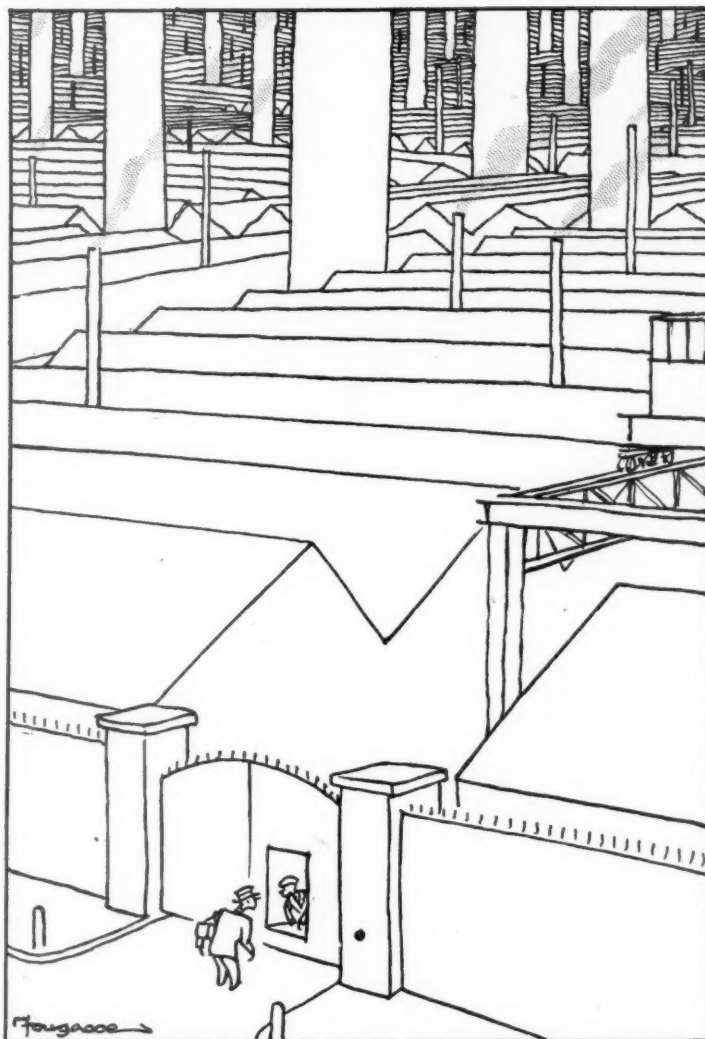
THE PROMENADE CONCERTS

THE last two seasons have brought great changes to the Promenade Concerts. The German fire-bomb that destroyed Queen's Hall broke a spell that had lasted forty-six years. Promenaders are still as eagerly appreciative as ever, but the old intimate friendly atmosphere of the concerts was destroyed with Queen's Hall, and in the Albert Hall one seems to be looking through the wrong end of a telescope at Sir HENRY WOOD and the orchestra, and to be similarly cut off from the music. Another big change is that Sir HENRY now conducts only one half of each evening's programme, and his associate conductors (this season Mr. BASIL CAMERON and Sir ADRIAN BOULT) take charge of the rest. Their task is indeed a hard one, for in the hearts of the audience he has created, Sir HENRY is the Promenade Concerts.

The high-lights of the present season in the way of new works have so far been three—the *Leningrad Symphony* of SHOSTAKOVITCH, the *Violin Concerto* of E. J. MOERAN and the *Sinfonia da Requiem* of BENJAMIN BRITTEN. The SHOSTAKOVITCH symphony was disappointing. This composer is not fulfilling the promise of his early works; either he is (we hope only temporarily) "written out" or he has fallen a victim to the sordid notion (pace ALAN BUSH) that music must have a political or propagandist significance. While we can admire the strength of purpose of a composer who can write a symphony amid the horrors of a siege, the music itself acquires no merit from the deeds of heroism performed by the defenders of Leningrad. If it did, the letters written home by the thousands of unnamed heroes of this war would be epics.

The *Violin Concerto* by E. J. MOERAN, however, was delightful to hear, and well deserves a place in the concert repertoire. Its misty harmonies and delicate orchestration are rather reminiscent of DELIUS. It is in three movements of which the first is an *allegro* in rhapsodic form, the second a brilliant *rondo* and the last a beautiful slow movement. Apart from its obvious merits it is a relief to hear a concerto whose last movement is not of the dreadfully jolly kind, of which one is heartily tired.

BENJAMIN BRITTEN's one-movement *Sinfonia da Requiem*, whose three sections are marked *Lacrimosa*, *Dies Irae* and *Requiem Aeternam*, proved to be an



"Is Miss Mary Jones in, please?"

effectively-scored sepulchre-struggle-with-a-happy-ending in the manner of STRAUSS's *Death and Transfiguration*.

We have also heard a relic of the last war—ELGAR's *Carillon* with words by LAURENCE BINYON in place of the original patriotic verses of EMILE CAMMAERTS. This is not one of ELGAR's finest creations and was given on a night when the orchestra was not playing its best (it was followed by *L'Après Midi d'un Faune* and a *Three-Cornered Hat* from the salvage-dump). It fell curiously flat, probably

because the kind of patriotism that inspired it is now out of date and is merged in something far wider.

Now that Sir HENRY WOOD has to everyone's regret been obliged to share the baton with others at the Proms, we hope that next season he will have more than two associates. In London we have in the last two years heard far too little of many of our best conductors and far too much of some of our worst. Perhaps next year's Proms will do something to redress the balance.



"You're certainly convinced me, Madam, but then I'm not Lord Woolton."

Dehydrated

Modern Night Piece

GO, children, on your bedward path.
I will de-aqueate the bath.
Remember we are still at war,
And dis-illuminate your floor;
And don't forget, you little dears,
The dehydration of the ears.
Then down upon your bended knees
And fill up form P 50, please,
Declaring in the proper place
The circumstances of your case,
Acknowledging, in column 8,
All benefits received to date,
And indicating, over-page,
Your income-group, address, and age.
O may the Heavenly Personnel
Attend to your petition well;
Or, if the notice be too short,
Present an interim report!
May they immobilize, we pray,
The Other Party till the day,
And on a three-shift basis keep
Awake and watchful while you sleep!
Endeavour, children, not to dream,
For this is not in any Scheme
(Indeed, I gather from your aunt
It may disqualify for grant);
But go to bye-bye if you can
On a co-ordinated plan.

Don't arithmeticize the sheep,
However many stiles they leap;
Nor all the night enumerate
Meat-units moving through a gate.
Lie very still until you find
You've de-romanticized the mind,
Lie still again, till it's become
A non-resistant vacuum:
And then, my child, but not before,
Relax your reflexes and snore.
An orange? No. *Qua* human food
This fruit is in desuetude:
But you shall have, when you're in bed,
A dehydrated fig instead.

A. P. H.

H. J. Talking

ONCE my wife had the idea of starting a laundry, and just before she began a commercial traveller got hold of her and sold her quantities of starch at a cheap rate. Not wishing to waste it she starched everything, such as ties, socks and towels, whether the customers wanted them starched or not. She then had the idea of adding a dye business, and was always after me to invent new dyes in my laboratory. I invented one which worked on the principle of invisible ink; you didn't notice anything until you stood near a fire. Somehow, not many people went on sending to us except a family of professional clothes-thieves, and they sent because they considered that we made the stolen goods unrecognizable. One peculiarity my wife had was laundry-marks. She said the ordinary laundry-mark was just a squiggle and you might easily lose it, so she went in for really large and distinctive laundry-marks. She got a professional tattooist to design for her, and sometimes they took up half the area of the garment. As people refused to pay for having their laundry marked and it was very expensive to do, we never seemed to make much in the way of profits, but my wife said, in her didactic way, that it was worth it for the experience.

Another time she decided to turn the flat into a guest-house. She took over my laboratory, hanging curtains all round to hide the benches, and then said that she was going to build a bed, as she had read an article in a magazine saying how easy this was and giving directions. It took her months and months, and when she had finished I found that in reading instructions she had been under the impression that "meant a foot, and as a result the bed was an odd shape and very high, and anybody who had fallen out would probably have broken their neck. The problem then arose of getting a guest to sleep in it, for one and all when they saw it went away. Finally I had to sleep in it myself, and the guest was given mine. For safety I screwed a hook into the ceiling and trained myself to keep hold of it all night.

The first guest we had was a Mrs. Rothstein who had kept a guest-house for forty years and had now retired. She was always criticizing my wife in a technical kind of way and had a very low opinion of her bills. Every week she used to look at the bill with a sneer and say "A poor lot of extras I call those." She used to go into the kitchen and fish meat out of the stew to be used again. B. Smith took an intense dislike to her and volunteered to clean her shoes, which he did by boiling them in my sterilizer. When she complained he told her that nothing was really clean unless it was completely free of germs, and these only prolonged heat could kill. Another way he had of showing his feeling



"There goes the 'All Clear.'"

to her was by giving her fish. Being well brought up, she knew it was rude to refuse a present, and playing on this weakness he would give her as much as seven pounds of fish in a day. He used to get it at cut rates, which was hardly surprising. Mrs. Rothstein finally left us over baths. We had hot water but no cold. I don't know why this was, and what we all did was draw a bath and then leave the window open till it cooled off, but she was an impatient kind of woman and used to get in too soon.

Our last guest was rather mysterious. He seemed to be a small, beetle-browed man with a goatee and pince-nez. He had no luggage except a packet of luggage-labels, this leading to the belief that he was apt to adopt luggage unless watched. His job was giving advice on etiquette in one of the Sunday papers. He was a terror at meals as he knew much etiquette hitherto unknown to us, such being, for example, castor sugar in China tea and lump in Indian, and never putting your thumb in a finger-bowl. He left us over my wife's offering to wash his beard and taking the opportunity to use up the remainder of the starch.

At about this time we ran classes for those suffering from diffidence in society. The students usually paid us quite a lot, and they had to practise not looking embarrassed when my wife was rude to them, entertaining us at fashionable restaurants, giving us presents with polished speeches, lending us money without making us feel we were under an obligation, listening to the story of our lives without yawning, looking pleased at running errands for us, and entertaining our relatives and relations when they came to stay. One of their most difficult exercises was to praise my wife's cooking. If they did not come up to standard they had the whole meal again from the beginning, only colder. To teach them poise, B. Smith and I would trip them up on the stairs and drop chemicals over them, and for an increased fee, paid in advance, we hired a dog to bite them. Many of them said when they finished the course that they felt they could face anything.

These students used to form the most manageable part of the audience at a charity concert that we got into the habit of giving every Lent. It was in aid of a charity my grandfather had started and left to me in his will: it was

for buying out chimney-sweeps from bondage. As the number of boys in this line had greatly decreased since grandfather's day we had some trouble in disposing of the funds, until finally anybody who could climb the chimney of our old home got a lump sum on the spot. Sometimes we wondered if there was much need to go on raising money, it being a kind of wasting liability, but we usually decided that in respect to grandfather's memory the concert ought to be held. The programme did not vary much from year to year as we were all busy and had little time to rehearse. Usually my wife did a clog-dance in a character of Venus; B. Smith showed some magic-lantern slides illustrating artificial respiration; I imitated Irving in *The Man from Blankley's* and we all three acted a dramatized version of *The Charge of the Light Brigade*. When none of this was going on we allowed street singers to come in out of the cold and use our platform. We generally took 10 per cent. of their collection as commission. I think I can honestly say that all the performers enjoyed themselves.

My wife used to expect a very high standard of applause from the students. Mere clapping she regarded as jejune, and not much would satisfy her short of well-organized cheers, and loud cries such as "Encore," "A superlative performance" or "Tout à fait comme Sarah." After the show she used to get very uppish and insist on champagne being drunk out of her shoe, B. Smith once causing great offence by saying it made it taste like vodka. Indeed, she once got so uppish that nothing would satisfy her except to have a leopard in her dressing-room, this being to actresses what a knighthood is to actors.

○ ○

"The least that I can do to serve my country just now, is to have all I can and I will do it willingly."—*Northern Paper*.
Bravely spoken.



"We want one more to form a Savings Group."



"I wonder what's become of Mary."

From Piano to Plane

IT was a place where skilled hands made
Grand pianos of superior grade,
One of those active scenes
Where day by day the rafters rang
With the industrial clash and clang
Peculiar to machines.

Yet to imaginative ears
The silent music of the spheres
Lived vaguely on the air,
And though in fact one seldom meets
The unheard melodies of Keats
One seemed to get them there,

And tough men toiling at their job
Would feel at times a gentle throb,
A touch of far-off grace,
And, though not fanciful, become
Conscious, they said, of something rum
Hovering round the place.

To-day that admirable plant—
A lamentable thing, you'll grant,
Though noble, be it said—
With clang and clash is turning out
Gliders (for carting troops about,
As possibly you've read).

Such output, some may justly hold,
Will strike the soul of Music cold;
For me, I think it not;
Music, I feel, will still remain
In the deep heart of every plane
Built in that hallowed spot.

I think that when they soar aloft
The rushing wind will breathe some soft
Æolian measures there,
While murmuring of unearthly quires
Grows lively in the tautened wires
On the swift-moving air. DUM-DUM.



THE SUPER-BULLY

"I don't know if this will frighten the enemy's armies, but it ought to frighten mine."

[The forces of the Nazi Party Corps are to be strengthened, not only for fighting but also for police work throughout the occupied countries and Germany itself.]

Impressions of Parliament

Business Done

Tuesday, July 28th.—House of Lords: Secrecy Brings a Protest.

House of Commons: Food for Thought on Food.

Wednesday, July 29th.—House of Commons: Discussion on Pensions.

Thursday, July 30th.—House of Commons: The Long, Long Trail—as Amended.

Tuesday, July 28th.—Their Lordships were, quite emphatically, firmly, unequivocally, and beyond a peradventure, not amused.

Lord BRABAZON OF TARA ("Moore-Brab." of Another Place) said as much. He upped in his place on the crimson benches and announced bluntly: "I have a grievance." There was a rumble of cheers, of the deep meaningful quality that denotes criticism for somebody.

The reason for his sense of grievance, said Lord BRABAZON OF TARA, was that he had not been treated with the courtesy one associated with the Gilded Chamber. Here he was, all armed with a speech in support of a motion he had tabled a fortnight earlier, asking about the disposition and use of our aircraft.

And what happened? He was told—their other Lordships were told—only now that the debate must take place, if at all, *in secret!* In secret, when the whole thing needed to be discussed for the information of the country.

This, said Lord BRABAZON OF TARA, was a discourteous procedure and one that could not be allowed to recur. He did not blame Lord CRANBORNE, Leader of the House (who sat unhappily on the bench in front of him), but there was behind him some malign influence.

Lord CRANBORNE swung round apprehensively—but there was no one behind him, malign or otherwise. Still steadfastly unamused, Lord BRABAZON OF TARA proceeded to re-enact his ancestor's time-honoured process of rendering his harp mute. Since he had practically been ordered to drop the motion, he would hang his harp on the wall. But the time would come when the pride of former days and the thrill of glory would re-awaken. And then . . .

Lord ("BOOM") TRENCHARD, across the House, joined in the fray, emphasizing that Lord CRANBORNE was not a free agent, but recalling that the Government had unsuccessfully tried the same game on him two years ago.

Lord ADDISON, leading the Opposi-

tion (the other member of which, Lord LISTOWEL, cheered at intervals), spoke of the Government's action as "an unwarrantable intrusion on our rights."

Lord CRANBORNE looked more unhappy than ever.

The Marquess of CREWE, leading the Liberals, proffered as his contribution to the symposium of disapproval: "In a long experience, I have never known such neglect of the ordinary courteous procedure of the House."



This is the farmer who sows the corn;
He works till dusk and he works till morn.

"Farmers will be expected to work by night as well as by day."

The Minister of Agriculture.

Lord CRANBORNE seemed about to burst into tears. He rose and went to the table. His Lordship never does things by halves, but nobody expected his next action.

He frankly apologized for the action of the Cabinet in (apparently) changing its mind at the last moment and causing all this fuss. When he added that the Government disliked secret sessions as much as any Peer, noble Lords looked quizzically at the ceiling, and one of them was heard to murmur the un-Parliamentary but expressive "Oh, yeah?" of doubt.

The apology, however, was accepted, and everybody went home. Those who had been there all the time were still chuckling at a neat parody offered by witty Lord SNELL in defence of the medical profession, which had been criticized in some quarters. The critics reminded him, said Lord SNELL,

of that KIPLING verse which (almost) ran:

*"It's 'Doctor' this, and 'Doctor' that—and then abuse the brute,
But it's 'Fetch the Doctor, quickly!' when the pains begin to shoot."*

Lord DAWSON OF PENN beamed his appreciation of this unsolicited testimonial to the "conduct" of his profession, and the rest of the House cheered.

Over in the Commons Mr. TOM DRIBERG, taking part in a debate on food, was also adapting the poets. Complaining that there was too much official interference with and not enough official assistance to our food-growers, he quoted GOLDSMITH (suitably adjusted) in his support:

*"Ill fares the land to hastening laws a prey,
Where forms accumulate and crops decay."*

Mr. WILLIAM MABANE, of the Ministry of Food, and Mr. ROBERT HUDSON, Minister of Agriculture, promised that everything possible should be done to ensure that *crops* accumulated and *forms* decayed, and that if all did their bit all would be well in the difficult times to come.

After which the House assumed the rôle of the Deserted Village, while a short but acrid discussion took place on the proposal to conscript for Britain's forces men who now live in foreign countries. After some brisk exchanges the Bill got its Second Reading.

Question-time had its moments. The brightest was contributed by a Bishop who sat in the Peers' Gallery. The Right Reverend Prelate (to his own consternation and the alarm and despondency of his victim) carried out a little leaflet raid on Professor SAVORY, Northern Ireland M.P., seated below him. The leaflets were the Bishop's Parliamentary papers, which descended in an enveloping cascade. Mutual smiles and bows restored the situation, and a major Constitutional issue was happily averted.

Many Members wanted to amend a famous slogan to read: "Let us be Gréy," but the Government resisted stoutly. Mr. EVELYN WALKDEN wished the cinemas kept closed in the mornings, but Major LLOYD GEORGE, Fuel Minister, shook his head.

Not easily deterred, some other Member wanted to stop the coal used by Thames pleasure-boats. "Seventy tons a week is used for this purpose," said Major LLOYD GEORGE firmly, "and I do not propose to interfere with something that gives recreation to large numbers of people."



"I regret to announce, my lady Poppæa, that asses' milk is now controlled for cheese, and therefore, I fear, a bath is out of the question."

Are we all, by the way, to become compulsorily telepathic?

This looks to be the only way in which the War Office's special "Commando Raid on Britain" warning can be known to the public it concerns, for the nature of the warning is to be kept secret. Sir JAMES GRIGG, War Minister, told Mr. EDGAR GRANVILLE, who, not unreasonably, asked that the veil should be lifted.

Wednesday, July 29th.—The realists of the Reich would have wondered, had they been in the Commons to-day. In the midst of the war a day was given to the discussion of the plight of the old-age pensioner. It was an occasion to make proud those who regard Parliament as the Big Brother of the poorest in the land.

Thursday, July 30th.—In more leisurely times M.P.s with slim division records to build up would have tramped long miles through the lobbies voting for or against strings of "Supply votes"—authorizing the payment of the nation's bills. To-day they voted it all with nonchalant nods of the head. That's the way the money went. Pop went the taxes.

Complaint

SOMETIMES
I find amusement writing
rhymes
And stringing verse together
And then wondering whether
(Though possibly deranged)
It could be well exchanged
For filthy lucre.
One day I took a
(Horrible, I know, but otherwise
"euchre"
Is the only word that fits,
And it's
Quite hopelessly inept)
Plunge and swept
All doubts aside and sent a lyric
Verging on the hysteric
To a composer at his own sugges-
tion;
Though I question
The validity of the Professional
Engagement Column
In affairs so solemn,

Because the lyric was emotional
And worthy of something musically
devotional
(So I thought).
Next week brought
A letter full of praise and
flattery—
In fact a battery
Of compliments; but it added
That, with five guineas padded—
To cover all expenses—he would
guarantee
Success and make a King of Jazz
of me.
Jazz!
As
If I wanted to be known for *swing*!
The thing
Appals me still; but, what was
worse,
He wanted payment for *my*
verse!
Curse!



"Yes, he's at our secret observation post. Follow the wire."

Drollery of Mrs. Battlegate

"I THINK I may say that I am seldom mistaken," observed Mrs. Battlegate, endeavouring to thread her needle at the wrong end as she spoke.

And as Laura afterwards said, it was a great tribute to Mrs. Battlegate's strong personality that everyone in the working party simply looked assenting, and the younger Miss Dodge turned the needle right way round and threaded it and returned it to Mrs. Battlegate without a word spoken on either side. Mrs. Battlegate looked, as she has done on other occasions, not unlike a Victorian conception of *Lady Macbeth* walking in her sleep—although actually sitting on a chair belonging to the Rectory spare bedroom.

"At the same time," said Mrs. Battlegate, "the human mind is liable to very strange misconceptions, and I always think that these, in their way, are of interest."

Aunt Emma, Miss Littlemug and Miss Plum were all reminded of very extraordinary incidents in their own lives and seemed more than ready to relate them, but even Miss Littlemug only got as far as "An old cousin of mine, who lived to a great age—" and the other two never even got a start.

"It was less than a week ago," continued Mrs. Battlegate. "The groceries had not been delivered. I am not blaming the grocer—far from it—nor even the Government. As the General has always said, from the very beginning, *War is war*. He speaks, naturally, with the authority of a military man."

"I therefore had no option but to go and collect the groceries myself, from Bottleby St. Ham. (The General has always preferred to deal with Potter's at Bottleby St. Ham, ever since we had trouble over the chutney from Moddly Brothers in 1928.)

"I accordingly drove to Bottleby St. Ham."

The word "Petrol" must have been sounded through the room seven times at least, and it might well have been nine if Mrs. Pledge had owned a car at all and poor Miss Flagge had ever been allowed the use of her mother's.

"The Government," Mrs. Battlegate said, "has admitted that the use of petrol is necessary for domestic shopping in remote country districts. I had no scruples."

"But had you any coupons?" Laura inquired.

Mrs. Battlegate, however, ignored her.

"On reaching Potter's, I found that

the rations were ready and that a small matter concerning points could be adjusted the moment Potter's man had been brought to see that the mistake was entirely his own. I then carried the parcel myself to the car-park, consulted my shopping list and proceeded to the Post Office, the cleaners, and a small corner shop where I had been told—quite inaccurately, as it turned out—that black pins were still obtainable. That, beyond a call at the jeweller's—where I was informed that the General's travelling-clock could not be accepted for repair—completed my errands, and I returned to the car. You will scarcely credit what I saw."

"The police," said Miss Pin.

"The car running backwards down the hill," suggested Miss Littlemug, who has had a good deal of trouble with her brakes, one way and another.

Laura's idea, that Mrs. Battlegate had seen a parachute with a German invader descending from the skies on Bottleby St. Ham, was fortunately uttered below her breath.

"I saw," said Mrs. Battlegate, "nothing at all."

Cousin Florence begged her to take down the name of a good, and yet inexpensive, oculist living at Newcastle-on-Tyne just before the last war, recommended by the vicar of Cousin Florence's old parish.

Old Lady Flagge—who could only have been giving half her attention to what was going on—murmured rather angrily the words: "This black-out nonsense."

"When I say that I saw nothing at all," Mrs. Battlegate explained, "I simply mean that I saw everything just as usual—except the parcel of groceries, which was not in the car. Admittedly it was not locked—merely immobilized."

"Groceries must be a temptation to us all nowadays," said Aunt Emma—and she stuck to it even after Cousin Florence had asked her, quietly and kindly, to speak for herself, and Miss Littlemug had curtly stated that Little Fiddle-on-the-Green was not all one with Botany Bay in the olden times.

Mrs. Battlegate, meanwhile, went steadily on, and even if one missed some of it, the gist was plain. Mrs. Battlegate had, in fact, gone to the police and told them her story in full.

"I am bound to say," she added, "that one of them wrote the whole thing down, while the other one searched the car. Both expressed the greatest concern."

"But did they find the groceries?" asked Laura.

Mrs. Battlegate broke off a fresh

length of white cotton and prepared to re-thread her needle.

"Yes," she said, clearly and calmly, "they did. And this is illustrative, as I said before, of the very curious misconceptions to which the human mind may at any moment become liable. They found the parcel of groceries in quite another car, not far off, where I myself had undoubtedly placed them in error."

In the silence that ensued the younger Miss Dodge, in a dazed kind of way, again drew the cotton through the eye of Mrs. Battlegate's needle.

"The story is the more droll," observed Mrs. Battlegate, breaking into the deadly hush surrounding her, "because, as I think I said before, I am not a woman who makes mistakes."

E. M. D.

Industrial Relations

IX

I AM a happy man. My work as Welfare and Industrial Relations Officer has been recognized by the selection of Miss Gladys Longbotham, a machine-tool fettler, as "the week's outstanding worker on the war front." Miss Longbotham is, of course, one of my protégées. She will receive the plaudits of the B.B.C. and the Ministry of Supply while I shall remain discreetly in the background. I would have it so. The award is timely, for my energy and zeal were beginning to flag for want of encouragement. For many months my efforts have been negated by blind ridicule. This new triumph will restore my prestige and equanimity.

The bare details of Miss Longbotham's triumph are worth recording. When war broke out she was still at school at St. Maud's, Cheltenham, but although she was a prefect and a contestant for a place in the hockey XI, she decided immediately to enter an armaments factory. Joining the firm of Snacker and Diploket as canteen waitress she attracted so much attention by her good looks and inability to give the correct change that she was transferred to Shop L, where officers' canes were being produced. Within a fortnight she had introduced pre-fabrication and belt-conveyors and had revolutionized the system of production to such an extent that the War Office had to admit its inability to supply enough officers to keep pace with her output. When Gladys left Shop L its organization was fool-proof and responsible for a steady two million canes per week.

In the tank-assembly sheds Gladys found more scope for her individuality and fervour, but it was heavy work for a mere girl. Day after day, week after week, Gladys toiled at her self-imposed task of packing completed tanks in corrugated containers and stacking them in pleasing patterns round the atelier. It was not until a visit from the sanitary inspector revealed that she was suffering from "bends" and a temperature of 102.5° that Gladys agreed to rest. She is now working two and a half shifts a day as a fettler in the machine-tools department. She has been bombed out, taken in, browned off and sat on, but she refuses to go under. All her clothing coupons are intact and she has resisted the advances of several foremen. This then is the record of Gladys Longbotham. St. Maud's and the Empire are proud of her.

Uplifted as I am by these glad tidings I can open the Suggestions Box of the Snacker and Diploket Small Things Co. (1928), Ltd., without the usual foreboding.

"I have a suggestion to offer," writes Mechanic 7273, "concerning the treatment of absenteeism. It is based upon an American example. Aeronautical Products, Inc., of Detroit, placed German milliard-mark notes of the inflation period in the delinquents' pay-rolls with the explanation: 'The extra pay enclosed is your reward for failing to report for work one day last week.' Now this is rather too mordant and perhaps too abstruse for use over here, and I have devised the following modification. A large heart printed on the absentee's wage-pocket is subscribed 'Absenteeism makes the heart grow fonder.' Only when the

offender sees the tiny swastika engraved upon the heart does the full realization of his shame break upon him. It is, I am sure, a method worth trying."

Mr. Maxwell Thrush, the canteen manager, writes: "The position with regard to canteen cutlery goes from bad to worse. Yesterday the shortage was so acute that many workers were compelled to use sections of dowelling-rod (requisitioned for this emergency) after the manner of chop-sticks. Others, less nimble, employed files, gimlets, drills and other unhygienic make-shifts. My suspicions that the metal-scrap department is responsible for these pilferings is confirmed by independent witnesses. While agreeing that those responsible are acting from high-minded motives, I must ask you to put a stop to their high-handed misdemeanours."

The next note is signed "Old Salt." It states: "Re figures of shipping losses—publish and be dam'd."

"As you are probably aware," writes the Rev. Morgan Blatt, "we are to have a so-called mass-wedding on Saturday morning next when three mechanics and a check-weighman are to be joined in holy matrimony to four female riveters. I have been asked to apply on behalf of the betrothed for permission to hold the breakfast and reception in Shop C. They undertake to interfere as little as possible with production-flow and to see that tanks and depth-charges are not damaged or tampered with. The honeymoons will be spent in the canteen so that the happy couples can return to work on the afternoon shift. I feel sure that you will accede to these requests."



The Dead Languages

"THE universities imposed a proud defensive pedantry upon the whole scholastic scheme. The quintessence of learning was the boring grammatical study of these dead and eviscerated languages. . . ."

This is a passage in Mr. H. G. Wells's lively and latest work, *Phoenix*, which contains several other assaults on the teaching of Latin and Greek—"two not very difficult languages," but a great waste of time. The odd thing is that few political writers use words of Latin and Greek extraction so freely, and so needlessly, as Mr. Wells. Indeed, no one who had not studied Latin and Greek could be sure that he had got the full message of this book: and, being in aid of World Revolution, that message must presumably be directed more to the 'Common Man than to those decadent and discredited ruling classes, who do know a little Latin and Greek. I read the book through, and then, a little bewildered, glanced through it again, selecting on every page a few of the many "dead" words, as follows:

Homo sapiens—pseudo-settlement—ineptitude—recapitulate—*Tot homines, quot sententiae*—the creeping paralysis of disingenuous organization (!)—pornography—stratum—inequalitarian—italicized—stereoscopic—ignoramus—anachronism—more fundamental—fundamental human progress (!)—human ecology—propaganda—cinema—federal—idealism—democracy—goniometer—terminology—choleric—sanguine—phlegmatic—melancholic—inhibition—*a priori*—hysteria—maniac—reflexes—quasi—well—meaning (!)—complex—protean (dream)—*quid pro quo*—enthusiasm—omnipresent—cerebration—radio systems—diabolical reactionary—inherent idiosyncrasies—criticism—cardinal services—psychotherapy—liquidated—subjugated—categories—ultra—theological—science—philosophical—poetic—kinetic—quasi—geniuses (!)—mysticism—psychic—coitus—erudition—*ad hoc*—nuclei—renascent—preliminary—kaleidoscope—bi-lingual—nexus—*sine qua non*—anti-social—Teutophile—millennial—intoxication—indurated—dogma—obsolescent—proletariat—economic—evanescent—apparatus—plutocratic—submarines—vertigo—reanimate—holistic—confiscation—unifying ideology—monopolies—status—labile—decades—stratifications—indoctrinated—expropriation—emasculated—primordial—

redemption—Fascism—logic—gramophone—censor—mental metamorphosis—adolescence—conscrip—omnipotent—omniscient—synthesis—precursors—paternalist imperialism—individualist atmosphere—diarchy—relapse—autocratic—implementing—consumption—tyranny—perspective—technological—predatory invaders—liberal—electoral—inferior—simulacrum—discipline—political—incubus—germinating—electricity—oceanographer—jury—enfranchized—approximately—concrete—local election—progressive radicalism—mental inertia—arithmetical—depersonalised (!)—anonymous propagandist—prejudice—posthumous—analogous—aristocratic—Prohibition—isolated—acquisitive—spasmodic—cynical apathy—rhetorical—it must annex, permeate, assimilate, and merge—precedent—biology—species—litigation—legislation—agriculture—minimum—suburban—delocalized elements (!)—evacuation—a culminating phase of collapse—repatriated—percolate through the habitat of more sedentary types—geographical reality—sympathetic—immobilize—decadent—antagonism—emancipation—incoherent—ceremonies and catechisms—ex-neophyte—interregnum—vicarious—inevitable—regal residuum—sub rosa—morbid proliferation—very fundamental dimensions (!)—drama—architecture—æsthetic—manufacture—oriental—inaurate—acrimony—artistic—ridiculous—aperient—analysed—frustration—intolerance—anticipate—cohabitation—ostracism—celibates—ecclesiastical—nepotism—plastic—psycho-analyst—moral equilibrium—matriarchy—sterile accident—aggregations—acquiescence—amorous—nymphomaniacs—introspective—asexual—innate philoprogenitive discrimination—eugenics—hæmophilia—belligerent—universities—factories—microscopic pelagic life—foraminifera—phosphorus—inspired flow—primary imperative—catastrophe—flora and fauna—dominant—vertigo—egotism—formal, stylistic and futile—reappropriate the material . . . socialized for greater collective efficiency—data—collates—patriarchs—hierarchies—pre-eminence—eccentric—abnormal—educate—academic authority—neo-nominalism—"bastard terminology from Greek and Latin roots" (e.g.,

neo-nominalism?)—grammatical—eviscerated—infant prodigies—intellectual inferiority—unimaginative inefficiency (of British ruling class)—aeroplane—explosive—moribund—horticulture—idiom—appendix—communism—incongruous—climatic conditions—peninsular continent—circumstances—infinitesimal fraction of the population—advertisements of aphrodisiacs—rehabilitations—necrophile—the palace and citadel, the temple—insanitary—rudimentary—decorate—optimistic—accommodation—archaic sanitation—sentimental interlude—migrant multitudes—variable illumination—fundamental principle—a minimum of necessary adaptation—accumulation of human experience—crisis—climax—harmony—conflict—alternative—inevitability of inflation—animus—proposition—convergence of imperative necessities—fundamental significance of the present (world) catastrophe—privilege—Catholic community—ecstasy—magnificently sacrificial and United Republics (of U.S.S.R.)—occupy the strategic point in the contemporary situation—abortive—concocted—secular movements—projected—revised—pseudo-fragmentation—pseudo-refugees—non-aggression—preposterous—definitely hostile—exemplary—incalculable—enigmatical—mental anæmia—superficial—inferiority complex—sense of exclusive personal responsibility—military submission—strategic dogmatism—effective administrative organization—transition period—conquest and coercive amalgamation . . .

"But," as the author says somewhere, "this long chapter might be extended indefinitely." A. P. H.

Pay

ONE of the things that troubles me most on my detachment is pay. Not my own pay, which is a mystery I do not intend to probe, but the pay of the men. Foolishly (as I see now) I invited them, in my preliminary man-to-man speech, to bring to me any problems they might have.

Sergeant Hiccough, who is a fatherly sort of man whose rough exterior hides



"I see it says two kettles makes a steel 'elmet. Where do I 'ave to take 'em? I always wanted one."

a heart of gold, said that I had better let sleeping dogs lie.

"Nonsense!" I said rather sharply. "If there are any dogs loose in my men's pay let them bark."

They did. Private Bolon was the first.

"It's my sixpence," he said. "I've not had it. Private Colon came in same time as I did, and he's had it, and what I say is, fair's fair. I mean to say . . ."

My head whirled.

"What sixpence is it?" I asked.

"Just sixpence a day," he said. "Off of what I pay my wife. It was on the notice-board, but nothing has happened."

I said I would look into it.

Private Colon followed. Although quite happy about the sixpence he was not prepared to agree with the Regimental Paymaster's contention that he was two shillings and threepence in debt.

"I've always drawn my exact money," he said, "to a penny. My father was a C.Q.M.S., and he advised

it. He said what you had you had, but what you thought you had on your 'credits' you only thought you had."

"I hope *not*," I said in my most official voice. "You speak as though the Regimental Paymaster had squandered the money on wine and cigars and then put it down against your name. Actually the whole thing is perfectly simple. Everybody in the Army gets 5½d. a week Extra Kit allowance to buy metal polish, etc. He is also charged 6½d. each week for Insurance. So between the two he loses 1d. You have been in the Army twenty-seven weeks, so you are naturally two-and-threepence in debt."

Private Colon thanked me for clearing the matter up.

"But why doesn't the War Office just cancel out both of them?" he said.

"If there are four million of us in the Army—I don't know if that's the right figure, of course—they must make eight million entries a week, or four hundred million entries a year, not to mention copying them out on statements, etc. . . ."

"Private Colon," I said coldly, "when your advice is required it will be asked for."

Sergeant Hiccough informed me that Privates Dolon, Folon, Golon, Jolon, Kolon and Nolon wished to see me about pay.

"What," I asked anxiously, "has happened to Private Lolon and Private Molon? Have they deserted?"

"They are on leave," said the Sergeant; "which is a pity, for I know Private Lolon is worried about a voluntary allotment to his mother-in-law. It appears that his mother-in-law is insane, and . . ."

"Tell Private Lolon when he returns," I said, "to submit a full statement of his grievance in writing. And tell all those other men the same."

"Some of them can't write," said Sergeant Hiccough. "Not what you would *call* write."

"All the better," I replied viciously.

Of course all these matters must be looked into, but my present idea is to wait until the Major comes over, and let *him* talk to them.



"Can I have four days' compassionate leave, Sir?
My mail's caught up with me."

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

H. R. L. Sheppard

FROM the last war till his death in 1937, DICK SHEPPARD, as everyone called him, was the best-known cleric of his day, first as Vicar of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields and then as the founder of the Peace Pledge Union. He was as much in the public eye as a film star, and when he died BERNARD SHAW summarized one particular view of him in the remark that he was a superb actor who knew how to put it across. Up to a point this book (*H. R. L. Sheppard. Life and Letters*, by R. ELLIS ROBERTS. JOHN MURRAY, 15/-) bears out SHAW's remark. SHEPPARD, in the opinion of Mr. ELLIS ROBERTS, liked to dramatize himself, and had a keen eye for an effective scene, with himself in the main part. Once, for example, he found a girl in tears in the crypt of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. She told him she had just left her home in the North after a quarrel with her parents, and meant to earn her own living. At once, although in evening dress, he rushed her off to the station, accompanied her to her native place, and reconciled her to her parents. "That splendid actor-manager in Dick," Mr. ROBERTS comments, "knew how effective would be their arrival on the doorstep the next morning." The impulse was kindly, even if its expression was a little melodramatic, and Mr. ROBERTS has shown both skill and sympathy in his diagnosis of the human being behind the actor-manager. SHEPPARD's early years were unhappy, and he was so wretched at Marlborough that he brought on double

pneumonia by pouring a jug of water over his bed night after night until the desired result was obtained. It was, Mr. ROBERTS believes, in order to come to terms with a world which frightened him that SHEPPARD built up his rather flamboyant public personality. Lacking genuine self-confidence, he needed perpetual notice and applause; and his sympathy with others was often only a means to stimulating their sympathy with him. He was, Mr. ROBERTS writes, chameleon-like in his adaptation to the moods of those he met, on one occasion writing so poignantly to a stranger who had just lost his wife as to elicit a reply condoling with him on the death of his own. But he had great courage, which was tried by constant ill-health, and though his activities did not dispel his own unhappiness, they were, at any rate in his earlier years, beneficial to others.

H. K.

Letters on the Way Down

THE Flemish ecclesiastic whose first English sermon "Who ze Devil he is, vot ze Devil he vonts and how ze Devil he gets it," caused such a pleasant stir, must cede to Mr. C. S. LEWIS's really acute insight into infernal designs and procedure. His profound and witty book *The Screwtape Letters* (CENTENARY PRESS, 5/-) retails, in a characteristically ardent series of counsels from an experienced fiend to a very junior tempter, the most efficacious way of damning a human soul—the soul of an average young Englishman. One perceives by implication, and from a naturally somewhat prejudiced angle, the counter-strategy of "the Enemy" and His angels. Old *Screwtape*, under-secretary of an important department in Hell, fails to share young *Wormwood's* conviction that the war, with its rather heavy traffic on the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire, is necessarily aligned to the infernal policy. It is, and it isn't. The great point is to get the human race "hag-ridden by the future"; for "the Enemy" is known to stress the importance of the daily job and the eternity that hangs on it. Shrewd, light-hearted (in parts almost rollicking), flexibly capable of great moments and a magnificent climax, here is a brilliant exposition of Hell's latest novelties and of the divine platitudes that are Heaven's unanswerable answer.

H. P. E.

A Mountain Land

THOSE of us—not so many—who found an austere playground in the Massif Central, might discover something of the same sort after the war in *The Tatra Mountains* (DRUMMOND, 10/6). These, however, are not extinct volcanoes but a huddle of granite peaks on the Polish-Czechoslovakian border, whose then reputed highest summit—eight thousand six hundred odd feet—was first climbed by an Englishman in 1893. Being destitute of minerals, the Tatra was without war for a thousand years, until HITLER's hordes, guided by a late guest of the local ski-ing club, captured the frontier. The fauna ranges from affable brown bears to marmots; the flora exhibits an Alpine choice of gentians and edelweiss. M. FIRSOFF, for whom the Tatra is a passion, is many-sided enough to make the most of its rare attractions, from the exacting rock-work of its great climbs to the primitive tranquillity of its summer pastures. Beautiful clothes—the mountaineer disdains machine-made squalor—and beautiful houses divide with crags, lakes and forests the honours of an excellent series of photographs. One misses a picture of the Tatra bee-hive, which is shaped like "a bishop, a monk, or a bear, with an entrance for the bees in the pit of the stomach."

H. P. E.

Mr. James Agate

Mr. JAMES AGATE has always been audacious—it is probably one of the secrets of his success—and the title of his new book, *Here's Richness* (HARRAP, 10/6), is another instance of this, since the book is an anthology selected from himself by himself. There are selections from his first book, *Lines of Communication*, published in 1917, describing his life in the Army Service Corps, from three of his novels, papers on boxing, horses, cricket, golf, some of his wireless talks, the cream (and rich cream it is) of his dramatic criticism, and above all a series of obituary notices of famous actors. The latter are so fine that one can imagine any actor whom Mr. AGATE likes—that is probably important—being torn between the desire to see good days and the ambition to provide material for one of them. Mr. AGATE may not write the useful kind of dramatic criticism which helps the country mouse to choose what to see on a visit to town, but we know that his vast knowledge of the theatre, and particularly of the French theatre, makes everything he writes about it good reading for theatre-lovers. It is more surprising to realize here his excellence in other directions.

B. E. S.

The Strange House

Miss ANGELA DU MAURIER is the second member of her family to write a rather sinister book about a house in Cornwall. In *Treveryan* (MICHAEL JOSEPH, 9/6), she begins by describing three children, *Bethel*, *Veryan* and *Lerry*, who knew that their lives were different from other young people's because—"Honestly, we might be Tabb's spaniels for all Papa sees of us," and "Mama. . . . Why doesn't she take us with her when she visits Grandmama?" Papa died mysteriously when the children were away from home. *Bethel* was allowed a short season in London by Mama, but was snatched home as soon as an eligible man took notice of her. She became engaged when Mama died, but *Veryan* was told by the family doctor of a mad taint in the family and so the three young people promised to remain celibate. Miss DU MAURIER describes the faithless faith of the boy, the robust love of the younger sister and the psychological effect on *Bethel* with skill and insight. It is all rather stark and eerie and perhaps a shade too picturesque, but both plot (there is a startling twist in it) and characters suggest the making of a first-class film.

B. E. B.

Ships and Sealing-Wax

A score of short talks included in recent Empire broadcasts under the general title of "To Talk of Many Things" have been issued in volume form as *The English Spirit* (ALLEN AND UNWIN, 7/6). They inevitably suggest the Walrus's own somewhat arbitrary juxtaposition of themes; for, like the dictionary in the story, their changes of subject are both varied and frequent. Thus Mr. PHILIP GUEDALLA's Prime Minister and Mr. PRIESTLEY's primroses are both as typical in their way of the whole called "The English Spirit" as Mr. MARTIN ARMSTRONG's village pub, and the Rt. Hon. ISAAC FOOT's "Drake's Drum." A few of the speakers have obviously been hampered by the time-limit imposed by the exigencies of a broadcasting programme, and there are one or two items which, however wide the scope of the design, it is frankly difficult to fit into it. But on the whole these talks must have fulfilled a useful purpose in interpreting certain aspects of English life and character to oversea listeners. Mr. ANTHONY WEYMOUTH's introduction provides some interesting comments on radio technique and a few useful pointers for the intending broadcaster.

C. F. S.

Villainy Unabated

The lives of country booksellers run smoothly, you think, punctuated by nothing more dramatic than the exhumation of a crumbling first edition. Not so Mr. BRUCE GRAEME's *Theodore Terhune*, a young man born to involve himself in other people's horrors. One moment he is interesting a farmer's wife in BURKE's works in half-calf, the next he is up to his eyes in raw crime. *House With Crooked Walls* (HUTCHINSON, 9/-) is too mechanical an entertainment. Surprise is lacking. Reading it is like going for a long walk up a gently rising, rather monotonous hill for the sake of an exciting view, only to find at the end that the prospect is hardly worth the trouble. *Terhune* is concerned in this case with the disappearance, at different dates in its long history, of the occupants of a grotesque and sinister house. The malevolent character of this monstrosity is well described. Its atmosphere of evil is real enough, and some of Mr. GRAEME's human characters seem a little pale beside it.

The Jacob Street Mystery (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 8/6) is a sound performer from the R. AUSTIN FREEMAN stable, not a classic winner, but moving with sufficient distinction to carry safely, I should say, a great many readers' bets. There is a murder or two, there is *Doctor Thorndyke* popping in and out of his Temple laboratory to subject bits and pieces to queer tests, there is the excellent Mr. Polton prepared equally to put on a chef's hat or photograph the toe-prints of a giraffe, and there is one of those comfortable last chapters in which all the respectable characters sit round after an admirable dinner and listen, as intently as they can for the fumes of Cognac and Havana, to the expository post-mortem of the master. The sting in the tail is quite ingenious. If I say it is not very easy to believe in, I am confident that someone will get up in the audience who has known a far stranger deception put over upon an unobservant public. E. O. D. K.



"Usual informal discussion of this morning's news, 10.30 sharp, on the bench facing the pond—pass it on."



"Now here, Madam, is a gas-mask carrier that will last a lifetime."

Harvest Festival

MY brain is a bog, and in it there are planted
Seeds bought with money at a fair price,
Education, experience, and a packet of travel,
Taste and intelligence and good advice.

They were planted faithfully, a long time ago,
On a trim, well-weeded, well-watered bed,
And it was hoped by now there would be a fine harvest,
But other things have blossomed in their stead.

There are no tall hollyhocks to mark the border,
The red roses have died—they were a total loss;
Only the bog-myrtle is blowing and the wild thyme,
And everywhere the heavy dripping moss.

There is no promise now of carnations or lilies,
But here is a little bunch that will live for an hour:
Marsh-marigolds and mint and water-plantains,
And sprigs of duckweed bursting into flower. V. G.

'Ware Wasps!

(By Smith Minor)

SOMETIMES I begin my articles by warning the reader that he or she may not like them, this seems only fair, no one wants to waste time, but I think you ought to read what I am going to write now whether you like it or not, because it is about wasps which are a danger not only to the reader but to his or her country. You see, if you get stung it may stop you doing something your country needs, you couldn't make a bomb with your hands all poughed out, and even if you don't get stung what about your frute, supposing you have any?

Mind you, I'm not saying that if you put your head into a garden shed and bump into five thousand wasps like I did, you think of your Country first, you don't, but, well, it's there,* if you know what I mean.

Now, though this may not make you think much of me, I happen to be one of those people who have what's called "a mortal fear" of wasps, in fact there are four things that give me this mortal fear, they being, i.e.:—

- (1) Wasps.
- (2) Spiders with large bodies.
- (3) Bats, since one flew into my face, it felt like a live wet sponge.
- (4) A sort of yellow caterpillar I once came upon with gobbles and a face like Mussolini, honestly, I'm not rotting.

But to show you how different people are, you may be yourself, Green doesn't mind any of the said above, his only mortal fear being earwigs, which don't worry me at all. In fact, once I kept them.

Well, anyway, this is about wasps, and on that hysteric day, as they say, when I popped my head into the garden shed

"And finding wasps, to my alarm,
Popped quickly out, e'er hapened harm,"

I was staying with my rather ill aunt, the one I've told you about. But harm jolly nearly did happen, because one wasp came out after me and began to go down my collar. It would of if I hadn't run very hard and suddenly stopped, so that while I stopped the wasp went on going on.

It gave me a bit of a shock, and over tea my aunt asked me what was the matter. I go pale rather easily.

"Nothing," I said.

* The Country. Author.

You see I didn't want to worry her, she being one of those poeple you have to try and keap calme.

"You look rather white," she said.

"Well, I've jest had a good wash," I said.

"Oh, dear," she said.

"I didn't use much soap," I said.

"What?" she said.

"Soap," I said.

"What about soap?" she said.

"You said, 'Oh, dear,'" I said, "and I thort you thort I'd used too much soap."

"I wasn't thinking about soap," she said, "I was thinking about those whasps. Look, there's one on your jam, be careful, don't eat it, oh, dear!"

Then I saw she was geting in a stuep, so of corse I had to be careful not to, you can't both, and I said,

"My hat, fancy being afraid of whasps, Aunt!"

"Well, they terafy me," she said, "last year we had a whasp nest and we didn't find out till too late, they were all over the house, I'd die of heart decease if we got another." Then she gave a little screem. "Look, there are five more, one's almost on your nose, how can you keap so still, oh, dear, oh, dear!"

I laufhed as if I liked it, thouth mind you I didn't, perticularly what she'd said about the whasp nest becorse of something I thort I'd seen in the shed, thouth I cuoldn't be sure.

"What wuold a whasp nest look like, Aunt," I said, "jest supposing one ever saw one?"

"Well, it begins like a small white ball," she said, "and if you don't get rid of it at once it gets bigger and bigger and bigger, and horrerbler and horrerbler, and the whasps get more and more and more, oh, dear, don't let's talk about it!"

I cuold see that we mustn't, this being the aunt that gets headaches and swoons, so we talked about her parrot, she having one. But after tea I thort I ouht to go back to the shed, jest to make sure there wasn't a whasp nest there, and there was.

Has the gentel reader ever seen a whasp nest? If not, and he or she won't mind jest one more poem,

"It hangith like a messy ball
Down from the sealing by the wall,*
With hoardes of swarming whasps
about,
Some going in, some coming out,"

and, mind you, each whasp can sting you so that the part it stings swells to dubbie its size, so what wuold you be like if you got stung by the lot? Such

thorts as these enter the head of the ore-struck beholder!

Well, I shut the door quickly, and then went a long way off and thort. What was one to do? If one told one's aunt, she might swoon, in fact she properly wuold, but if one didn't, how wuold one find out how to get rid of the nest before it got too big?

You see, she knew how the nest had been got rid of last time, but I didn't, and there was nobody else in the house to ask owing to the shorthage of domestiques. Of corse the person I neaded was Green, he being hot on branewaives, and so I did what I sometimes do, i.e., imagined a conversashun with him. Sometimes it works and

sometimes it dosen't, and this time it didn't, it going like this:—

Me: "I say, how do you get rid of a whasp nest?"

Green: "You don't."

Me: "I'm serious, old man."

Green: "So am I, old boy."

Me: "Yes, but look here, suppose you've jolly well got to, becorse if you jolly well don't the nest will get so big that you jolly well can't?"

Green: "Oh, I see. Well, in that case, jest sing a lulaby and when all the whasps are asleep, shoot it."

Well, that being no good, I tried to think of something by myself, and what I thort of first was to cut the nest down. I found a pair of sciscors and



"What's this queue for?"
"Bus tickets."

* If that's where it is. Author.

a pale, but when I went back to the shed and opened the door, mon chapeaux, I don't think even Mr. Churchill wuold of gone in! The wasps seamed more than ever and were wizzing about ninety-nine to the dozen, wile the nest looked twice the size it had looked before. This meant I had to beat what's called a "hurrid retreat," and it was so hurrid that I fell over a stirrop pump, wich gave me my second idea.

The second idea was to use the stirrop pump on the wasps and drown them, wich one cuold do from a safe distance, the door of the shed now being wide open.

What hapened next I will tell you in the order in which what hapened hapened.

- (1) I filled the pale with water.
- (2) I put pepper in the water. A lot.
- (3) I tied string round my sleeves and trousers (I wear them) to make sure no wasps cuold get up them, and put on a pair of gloves.
- (4) I got a napkin, made two holes in it for my eyes, one had to see, and tied it over my head.
- (5) I uncoyled the hose, putting the part of the pump into the pale that you have to put into the pale.
- (6) I pointed the end of the hoze at the wasp nest with one hand, and pumped with the other.

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- (7) It was a good shot, and the nest came down plonk.
- (8) All the wasps went mad.
- (9) So did I.

(10) I threw a pale of sand over the nest.

(11) It missed.

(12) The wasps went madder.

(13) As the nest now seamed to be sort of seathing with rage, I thort I ouht to get it away quickly, but how?

(14) Spotting one of those long broome handels that you use for inscenduary bombs, I shoved it under the nest and ran.

(15) A bit I don't remember.

(16) I found myself in a road. Somebody asked me what I'd got, and when I told him, he ran.

(17) Everybody ran. Don't forget, I had the napkin round my head.

(18) Some more bits I don't remember.

(19) I came to a pond.

(20) I threw the wasp nest in.

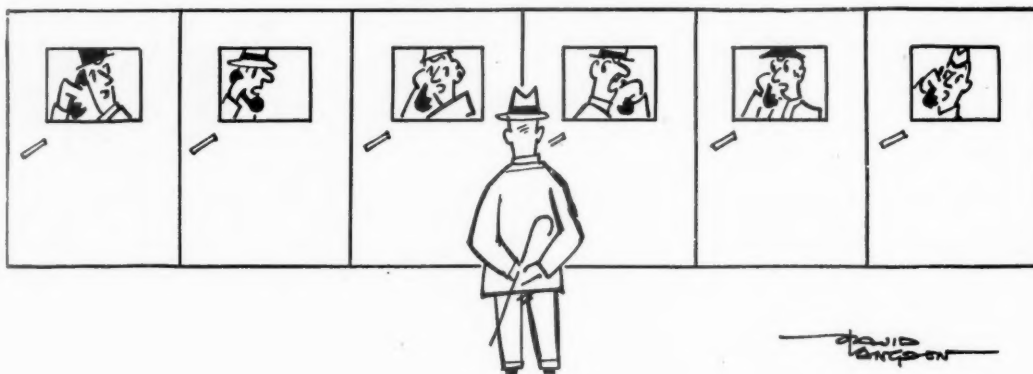
(21) And, lo! it sank, and was no more!

And now the reader will know why I said at the begining of this artickle that he or she ouht to read it, this being the season of wasp nests, and I having scince heard of several others.

Mind you, I don't say there aren't other ways of geting rid of wasp nests, as a matter of fact there are, but you've got to admit that my way is one, and that it did the trick.

Only I think, if you try it, I'd miss out the pepper.

TELEPHONES



"Well, I must ring off now—there's someone waiting to phone."

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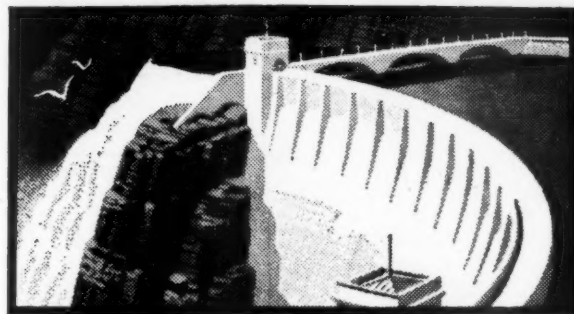
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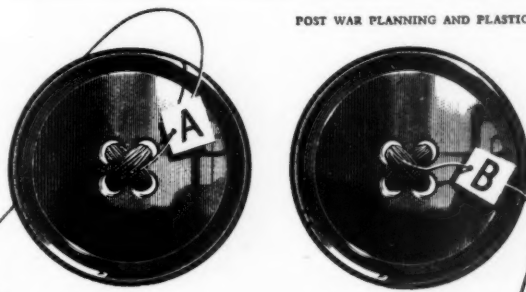
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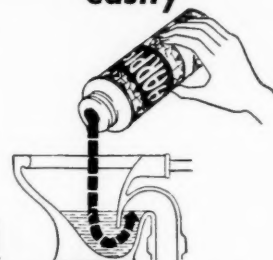
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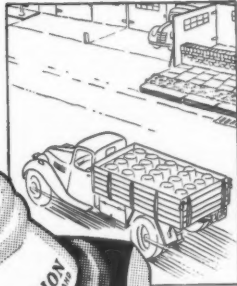
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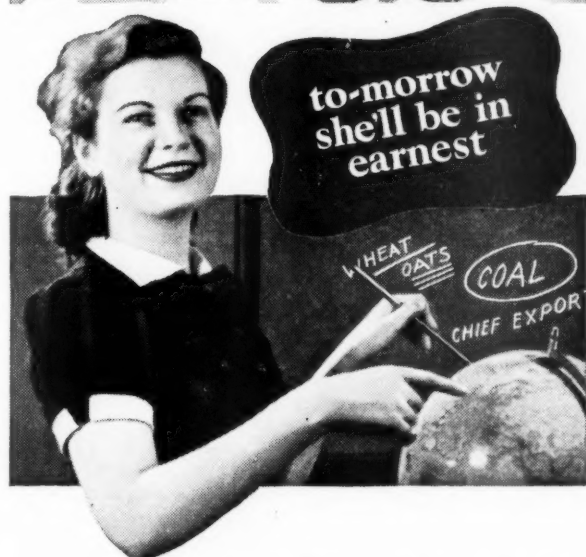


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